

FEARLESS 62



Σ Ο Φ Ι Α

Sophia

◀ Fearless 62 ▶

The Wisdom Issue

"Wisdom cries out in the street;
in the squares she raises her voice.
At the busiest corner she cries out;
at the entrance of the city gates she speaks."
(Prov 1:20-21)

"Wisdom doesn't come from teeth
and willows never weep for me"
~ Rob Seitz

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Creation. A Point of View.

Good Morning!

From dark and night... the rising sun
Is for knowledge and wisdom
For ever to share, to be with them
In a perpetual circle of good and best.

Is a sort of elevate dance that manifest
In time and space...
To share the past, present and adorable future
For all souls,
To grow awareness,
Opening the life a a blossoming flower
For ever to lightening our life.

Creation came to finite... to infinite,
To know the zero-point where love and peace
Take a recreation for all around
Into suddenly eternal light.

Good morning my friend,
Is a way for search and beauty!

View

Alone in this world?
Never, you are not alone,
Culture is revealed, wisdom hugs you
Way of learning bring a certain tool,
And many to know in troubled times...

Language, living, the verb to be
Gives to you the inner tool to find truth,
See the world, see the beauty
And where life lie... in hidden place
Or rarely found place.
Advertise on wisdom and find what
Infinite diversity means to be.

Good morning in troubled times,
For wisdom and verb to be!

~ Matei Monica

Inmost Circle

Within this City of Dis
that once held true
and begotten
that which molded so easily in our palms
and thoughts
all melding-

All is sacred
and burned
to give rise to ash that is a perpetual prayer
not unlike the common abyss in once structured times

Those,
which human will can construe
through
habitual and text
ritual and magic
Will

The innermost circle
that which gravity has propelled us, we fear
and we extend invitation to
The circumference has always been closing
fluctuating
opening
To pull in and over our mouths, eyes
oh sweet warmth of the flames
I pray thee
Consume us-

~ Rosalynn Landazuri

Jesus Lives on Haight Street

velvet jesus
glowing jesus
dayglo jesus
hippie jesus
floating around in a lava lamp

jesus lives on haight st.
tye-dyed jesus
metal head jesus
punk jesus
religious jesus
sporting a neon egg yolk yellow
halo blinding in the head shop window
jesus is a neo-nazi
a folk singer
a rastafarian
jesus works at ben & jerry's
he is gay & straight
and in every bum who cries out for
change for the criminally insane
jesus is an anarchist
a jew
a junkie
a poet
a street cleaner

jesus lives on haight st.
also in
in wyoming
and seattle and las vegas
jesus of no known address
has changed his name and identity
his social security number
shaved his head
got his ear pierced
bought a leather jacket and foregone
his sandals for dorothy's red shoes
and moved to downtown kansas and
become an atheist

~ Ana Christy

Transmutations

If I am poor,
I have never realized it.
What with innumerable riches pouring forth from the ages.
[Thank you Thoth, Hermes, Apollo, etc.]

Jewels we spit.
Jewels, we shine.

If I am dead tomorrow,
I was ready to die,
Accomplishing all I came here to do.
To sing,
To dance,
To become beautiful for you.

I am ready to slip inside my custom-fitted cloak of ether.
I leave my words.
You shall be neither lonely nor alone if you read them.

White

Your whiskers have grown.
They tickle.
You are like a miniature snowball.
I'm afraid you may fall down-hill into myth, into monstrous
martyrdom.
You are soft in the attack.
Belly-up, You make me laugh like the guitar effects
and the sirens outside.
Sirens on top of strings gliding.
Gliding...
Glide like a razor-winged dove of holy light.
Dipping and diving.
Spinning until all the colors are white.

~ Kevin M Hibshman

**Devotional: θαυμάζω,
"I wonder (at)" or "I marvel at."
David de Jesus**

Wonder is an extravagance, an excess about which you will never feel guilty for enjoying its pleasures. In some ways is a temporary suspension of the ordinary, a moment when you look up, or look around yourself, and observe, as though for the first time, that your very existence in and of itself is remarkable. At moments like this life shows such promise of passion, and reveals such unusual depths, that you are prepared with all the sincerity of your soul to abandon yourself to it. At this moment there is nothing more marvelous than that you are alive right here right now. And anything that detracts from this moment is a distraction, and the feeling always nudges at you more or less strongly that you waste so much of your brief life in pointless toil. You are prepared at this moment to walk away from the rest of it all with only the vast expanse of your own heart as free and willing guide. You see this world and life in this world in an instant of sublime clarity, and you desire nothing more.

I lived in a tent in the deserts of Saudi Arabia and Iraq, where I encountered wonders daily. I learned that they are blunt and hard, sharp and bitter, prophetic and revelatory, commonplace and miraculous, assuaging, disturbing, amoral. I saw, for example, the charred bodies of dead men and wondered whether their parents or children or wives would ever know what happened to them, while I, looking upon them in wonder, reflected upon this tragic paradox: that in this intimate moment I met the skeletal grin of one burned body and refused to turn away, my heart sharing in this man's loss, and in his family's loss who did not yet know they had a loss, and I grieved, who like all of you killed him. This was in the early afternoon, and by evening I was back in camp, sitting in the sand, watching the sun melt along the horizon in an orange and violet sea, remarking how coolness suffused the air, the heat submerged now somewhere beneath the earth. I found in the sand a tiny gecko, its dainty organs visible through translucent flesh like a minnow washed upon a blazing beach. How did something so fragile fare in this pitiless land?

On a moonless night I stood beyond camp and was startled to find wild camels passing silently before me, barely an arm's length away. I sat once beneath the flap of a tent and for hours watched the heat like gleaming sheets of trembling metal rise from undulating dunes. Or alone once atop the ziggurat at ancient Ur I looked down upon the Euphrates as though I looked upon history itself where the earth, so flat and sparse, bent away from my vantage point in every direction, while I for a moment balanced at its precise center.

People marvel at the things Jesus says, at the clever responses he gives belligerent scribes and Pharisees. They marvel at his teachings, which he seems to deliver with authority, indicating that unlike so many others he speaks from his heart with a passion that cannot conceal his own unshakable faith. And people marvel at his deeds, reaching out to touch an untouchable and initiating change and healing, mending and repair with the soothing balm of a touch-how long had it been for some of these people? -when everyone else extends the same bitter fellowship of fear and loathing and the gratitude that comes from being as dull, listless, and uninspired as everyone else. To dare to step outside this mean circle is a wonder in itself.

I credit the bare Nafud desert of the north-central Arabian peninsula and the apocalyptic scenery of bombed Iraq, filtered through the influence of Romantic literature, for shaping my life and yoking it to the burden of wonder. {Never believe there is not great cost in the bleak world of our making to wake to wonder at every turn.} I have never needed Jesus to marvel at all that I see. Instead, it is sufficient simply to thank God for the wonder of this man's life, who marveled himself that all of us are unable at any moment to look on our own lives and not reel and tremble in wonder. Amen.

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